

"COLLEGE WIDOW" PLEASA NEW FARCE BY GEORGE ADE
AT THE GARDEN.Has Neither Plot Nor Definite Purpose,
but It Is Really Amusing—Speech
of Explanation by Mr. Ade—He Wanted
to Have Fun With the College Boy.

The "College Widow," a farcical play in four acts by George Ade, was produced last night at the Garden Theatre and cheered to the echo by a well drilled coterie of imitation college students in the balcony. In spite of this foolishness Mr. Ade's play will probably find considerable favor in the public mind, for it is really amusing, though it has neither serious plot nor definite purpose.

Mr. Ade said in the halting speech which he made after the third act, that it had been his intention to poke a little fun at the college man and yet to treat him as a human being. "The College Widow" satirizes the college man gently enough and is in the main thoroughly well natured. The few bits at college education sound earnest, but college education has stood a good many hard thrusts and will probably endure Mr. Ade's pecking.

The scenes in the play which will mostly amuse college men and their sisters, sweethearts and wives are those which depict the dance and the football game. Of course the action takes place in a very small college, where the president is a young fellow, like the headmaster of a prep school, and his daughter is the principal college widow.

She is who steals the crack half back from the opposing college and gets him to play for the college. And when the football game is over, the president of the college, who is a young fellow, like the headmaster of a prep school, and his daughter is the principal college widow.

But the dance, with its short rations of faculty cream and its hired dress suits, its college widows and its college chaplain, will please all the boys. And when the football game is over, the president of the college, who is a young fellow, like the headmaster of a prep school, and his daughter is the principal college widow.

The acting is quite equal to the demands of the drama. Frederick Truesdell was a solid looking *Billy Bolton*, the great half back, and Edwin Holt was a natural, a fine son of a college education and sent his son to college just the same.

EMBASSY DECLINES PASSES.So the Press Agent Is Worried About the
International Effect of "Taps."

The press agent for "Taps," at the Lyric Theatre, became alarmed last night. He imagined that the show was likely to bring about an international effect of "Taps," and he was worried about the international effect of "Taps."

According to the promoter of publicity for "Taps," the play in Germany displeased Emperor William.

"Now," said the press agent, "this antagonistic imperial spirit has spread to this country."

He backed up this assertion, he made public two letters of regret sent to the management by the secretary of the German Embassy in Washington and the German Consul-General in this city.

The Ambassador and Consul-General had been invited to see the play, and they had declined.

Thank you very much. I regret to be unable to attend the performance.

The German Ambassador wrote:

The Imperial Ambassador regrets that conditions are not such that he can attend the performance of "Taps."

The press agent hopes that the interpretation he puts upon the refusal, and which other people do not put on them, is a mistake.

THE BUSY STAGE MANAGER.A Few Incidents in a Strenuous Life Nar-
rated by the Press Agent.

The press agent is responsible for the life of Wallace Worley, newly appointed stage manager of "Checkers." They are intended to show what a busy man a stage manager can be.

He rehearsed the company on Saturday, supervised the evening performance, then took a cab to a dentist, had a raging tooth extracted and boarded the midnight train for Washington, where, on Sunday morning, he married Miss Marie Taylor.

He returned to New York the same night, conducted a "Checkers" rehearsal, and the next morning and afterward went to the American National Theatre, where he put the "Checkers" team through a vigorous practice for their game with the "Spice" team, returning to the theatre to play his part in the evening.

It is further made known that Mr. Worley seems to bear up bravely and Mrs. Worley is looking remarkably well.

MME. NINA DAVID SINGS HIGHA Prima Donna With an Amazingly High
Voice Coming Next Month.

Robert Grau, who last season offered the United States an opportunity to behold Adelina Patti in her great act of bidding farewell to the stage, with this year bring forward a prima donna who he says has the longest voice in the world. It begins at the second ledger line below the treble clef and goes up to the fourth above. On a peak it can pluck at notes up to the seventh ledger line above the treble clef, and its voice looks like a four-track railway, and its coloratura prima donnas gaze upon it with awe.

Mme. Nina David—that is the singer's name—will make her debut here at Carnegie Hall on the evening of Oct. 24. She will be assisted by Elaine de Selve, contralto, Anton Heiner, at the Piano, George Kaufman, violinist, G. W. Jenkins, tenor, M. Payans, flutist and an orchestra conducted by Mr. von Neaprin.

News of Plays and Players.

The new Pinero comedy which Charles Frohman is about to produce in London is to be called "The Wife Without a Smile."

Sardou's "The Sorcerers," in which Mrs. Campbell will play Sarah Bernhardt's role, *Corzara*, will come to the New York Theatre on Oct. 19 for a limited engagement, following the Rogers Brothers there.

Arthur H. Arons has engaged George C. Boniface and Albert Hart for the Kero Lodge comedy roles in "A China Doll," the new comic opera by Harry B. Smith.

The theatrical managers at a meeting of the National League with a benefit at the New York Theatre on Oct. 2. The seats will be auctioned at the Fote Grand Theatre on Thursday with Eddie Foy and Pete Daley as the attractions.

E. F. Rice will give a professional matinee of "Mr. Wick of Wickham" today, to which all his friends are invited.

WANDERING YACHT TURNS UP.Skipper Seaman Was Sailing Around White
Owners Wondered and Invoked Uncle Sam.

The United States District Attorney's office for a week has had minions of the law dogging about the shore of Long Island Sound watching for a long, low, rakish, 28-foot sloop commanded by Capt. Charles Seaman and missing since Sept. 9. Her owners, Charles D. and Hamilton Ingersoll, had invoked the marine arm of the law to find her. It was all a mistake, though. The Flying Fish floats at anchor in New Rochelle harbor, and the United States has drawn off its minions.

A little more than a fortnight ago the Ingersolls ran up to Newport on the Flying Fish. On Friday, Sept. 9, they were ready to return. They waited until dark, turned in at a hotel, and were down with the first crack of dawn. Still the Flying Fish. When she hadn't shown up by night they got uneasy and telegraphed to Newport. The yacht had left, all right. Next day Hamilton Ingersoll investigated in the direction of Watch Hill, and discovered that a yacht answering the description of the Flying Fish had been seen of that point on Friday. She was making good headway and appeared to be in distress. The elder Ingersoll gave it up and returned to New York. Hamilton Ingersoll stayed until Monday night, when he, too, gave it up and went home.

The Ingersolls thought it over, and the more he thought the queerer it looked to him. He ended by reporting the matter to United States District Attorney Young of Brooklyn, whose district embraces the waters of the State of New York. In the harbors of Long Island a shark's tail was kept for a 28-foot painted white or any other color, and flying the skull and cross bones, or any other standard flag.

The Ingersolls were in New York city until Friday of last week. Then Hamilton Ingersoll went up to New Rochelle to visit N. B. Lawton, New Rochelle is the official home port of the Flying Fish. There, riding peacefully at anchor, was the Ingersoll yacht, in her old, familiar coat of paint. Hamilton Ingersoll got a boat, rowed out and with a net he drew up the skipper. Seaman hove into view, pulling the yacht's tender and trailing a fishing pole.

"Where the blazes have you been?" yelled Ingersoll.

"Here," said the skipper. "I got in on Wednesday."

"Why didn't you let us know?" said the owner.

"Oh, I thought you'd show up after awhile," said the skipper.

He said that he didn't show up at New Rochelle on Friday the 9th, because the wind was too high. According to his story, he had made port the following Monday night, just after Hamilton Ingersoll got to New Rochelle. So, finding his employers gone, he made for New Rochelle, where he arrived on Wednesday. Why he didn't telegraph to any one, the skipper said not.

MINISTER'S SON ARRESTED.

Was Trying to Break into a House in
Brooklyn—Brother, Aged 12, Escaped.

Forrest Simonson, 17 years old, of 24 Huntington street, New Haven, Conn., who said he was the son of the Rev. Forrest Simonson, formerly a Methodist clergyman in Brooklyn, but now a Christian Scientist, was arrested early yesterday morning while attempting to force an entrance into the house of Edward J. McCormack at 382 Clermont avenue, Brooklyn.

Forrest and his twelve-year-old brother, Stanley, came from New Haven three weeks ago. The two boys were trying to force their way into the house of Edward J. McCormack at 382 Clermont avenue, Brooklyn.

Thomas Place of 390 Clermont avenue heard the noise. He looked out of the window, and seeing the two boys quietly noisily at the door, he called out to the police. The police came and took the boys to the Glasgow avenue police station.

"My brother and I went to the theatre last night," he said, "and because it was so late we went home from the house on the grass. This morning I woke up cold and hungry and thought the house was vacant. I intended to get into the house and get warm. We had no intention of stealing anything."

Later on the boy confessed that he and his brother had run away from home because their father had threatened to put them in a reformatory. In Forrest's pocket were found several forged orders for groceries. The police took the boys to the Glasgow avenue police station.

"I have had some of them measured," said the Commissioner, "and they were found to be 11 feet 10 inches tall and 7 feet 10 inches wide. It's time that they were regulated."

CHORUS FROM ELLIS ISLAND.Steger and Fields Have Been Seeking the
Unsupervised and Have Got It.

Two young men in the latest effects in brown suits and pin-dotted shirts have been going about among the German immigrants at Ellis Island looking them over with hungry eyes. Whenever they found a young and blond German girl they looked her over in a most shameless fashion. Often the unsuspecting fraulein, who had been warned by placard to beware of bunco men, would take a tight grip of her little red bundle and flee to the furthest corner of the pen. Now and then the shorter man would say:

"She'll do, Lew." Then an immigration official would bring the candidate forth and the two men would look her over. Though her fortune were already made.

The men of mystery were Julius Steger and Lew Fields, and they were picking out six German immigrant girls to dance for the Lew Fields Theatre. Fields had the idea. He wanted them just as they came from the old country, no chorus girl proposition. "Unsupervised and unsupervised is the way we want 'em," said Steger.

"They've found their girls and got them out of a boarding house in New York, where they are being kept. A special guard watches them night and day to see that no chorus girl breaks in and spoils 'em or overhears 'em. The girls are getting ten a week in advance and sending home \$30.00."

"And they're corks," said Lew Fields last night. "We'll show 'em a thing or two all just as they landed. No more merry girls in our chorus. Up for blue-eyed immigracons."

They show the six frauleins are falling over their feet learning a wooden shoe dance which is expected to depopulate the theatres they are still clinging to bold, sophisticated chorus girls.

Yale Music for Miss Anglin's New Play.

Prof. Horatio W. Parker of Yale will write the incidental music for Margaret Anglin's new play "The Eternal Feminine." Frank L. Perce, contracted with Parker yesterday to furnish twelve musical numbers, including overture, intermezzo, Greek chorus and a dance of bacchantes. It will be Mr. Parker's first work in dramatic music.

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PUBLICATIONS."UNUSUALLY STRIKING SITU-
ATIONS ABOUND."William H. Crane, whose presentation
of "Business is Business" has won the
unanimous and unstinted praise of the

William H. Crane.

critics, writes: "I have read 'In the Bishop's Carriage' with a great deal of interest. It is a most pleasing novel, in which unusually striking situations abound. Perhaps we might care more for Nance Olden if she was at times just a little better at heart, but she makes interesting reading as it is, decidedly interesting."—William H. Crane.

PROF. HARRY THURSTON PECK,
OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY,
AS AN AUTHORITY.

"Altogether 'In the Bishop's Carriage' is a book to read and to remember. It should rank with the very best of those which the year has so far given us."—Harry Thurston Peck.

NEW BOOKS.

A Romance of Primitive Man.

Doubtless it had to come. In the scurry of story tellers for historic settings some one was bound to alight on prehistoric man. Mr. Gouverneur Morris introduces him to romance in a little book called "In the Bishop's Carriage" (A. S. Barnes & Co.). The inspiration is clear enough: If it had not been for Mr. Kipling's "Just So Stories" the book would probably have been different both in subject and style; but Mr. Morris has been helped, too, by prehistoric caricatures and by some reading on primitive marriage customs.

There is nothing pagan about his characters. They have barely evolved from the ape state and are inventing primeval weapons. It is only toward the end that his hero invents fire, so that there is no question of theology or even of explicit mental processes. What conversation occurs is for the sake of putting Mr. Morris's ideas of what those creatures might have thought into comprehensible form. At the start he deals with the problem he has set himself ingeniously and well. We have two marriage ceremonies in which the lady is clubbed over the head by her future lord, and in one case we have the bargain with the father and the fight for the fair one between the intending suitors. It is a pity that in the last volume Mr. Morris should drag in modern sentiment; there are thousands of years between that and his barely antipodean apes. He seems here to approve of the sentimental school of natural history, which is muddling the brains of kind-hearted people.

Apart from this, his book will be found interesting. The man who reads the pictures and who made the first bow and arrows has some touch of the quality of "man's first friend" and "the cat that walked his lone," and will make the reader forgive the smile that disappears once for all from the face of primitive man because his affections are blighted, and the general insignificance of character in the conclusion. The volume is printed in the large type of first readers, and the illustrations, though well meant, seem to lack the prehistoric touch. Romancers will welcome the enlargement of their sphere of action.

Mr. Aflalo on Morocco.

Of all the lands known to civilization what is now Morocco has always been the most independent. Even the Romans could not wholly tame them, and the Berbers have managed to do pretty nearly as they pleased through all the changes of history. The northwest corner of Africa, so far practically untouched, seems likely before long to become the field for European aggression, and whether England or France or some other Power undertakes the conquest the fight is likely to be long and stubborn. A man thoroughly well informed about the country, Mr. Aflalo, in "The Truth About Morocco" (John Lane, The Bodley Head), though his book is intended chiefly as a political argument, tells a great many things about Morocco which it will be hard to find elsewhere.

Mr. Aflalo's book, with the arguments contained in it, was reviewed at some length in THE SUN recently by Mr. Ion Perdicaris, who also knows a lot about the country. Interesting as the political situation is that has been brought about by the recent Anglo-French agreement, against which Mr. Aflalo inveighs, it is the description of the resources of the land, of its politics and commerce, of which he can speak at first hand, that will attract the reader. The author writes vividly and eloquently. Mr. R. B. Cunningham Graham for some reason has been asked to write an introduction.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Perdicaris's suggestion that the United States should step in at Tangier, so as to prevent the clash of European jealousies in Morocco, has been taken up seriously in Germany and is being held up as another instance of the danger to which Europe is exposed by the "American" peril. Mr. Aflalo has written a notable book on a little understood subject.

Another Graustark Love Tale.

So long as there must be historical romance, and we regret to say that the beginning of the book season gives no indication that a change has come over writers, we confess to preferring the school to which Mr. George Barr McCutcheon belongs to those which take themselves more solemnly and exactly. The Graustark of Mr. McCutcheon's invention frankly does not and cannot exist anywhere; there is no use of thinking of probability or possibility in anything that may happen. The simple recipe of mixing a few fairly matter-of-fact Americans with as absurd contrivances and intrigue as the author can devise in a hurry, and to keep stirring them all so fast that the reader has no chance to stop and think, works very well.

In "Beverly of Graustark" (Dodd, Mead & Co.) we have a young woman of the

South for the central figure, a slight deviation from the accepted model of these products. She is put through an astonishing series of adventures, and really gets her money's worth of excitement from her European trip, besides landing a husband. There are as many transformations as in a pantomime and very noble sentiments are expressed in vigorous language. Those who enjoyed Graustark will enjoy this book, too. It is adventure run mad and does not pretend to be anything else.

Masterlink Decorated.

Maurice Masterlink's short essay "Our Friend the Dog," which, after appearing in a magazine, formed part of a volume of miscellaneous published recently, unless we are mistaken, is printed all by itself in a little volume with illustrations and decorative borders. Dogs' heads are discernible in these, but we should say the page would be much handsomer without the borders.

It is from a bull terrier that Mr. Masterlink generalizes about dogs. We wonder if he ever really loved a dog. When he talks of bees, for instance, there seems to be more feeling and sincerity. At any rate he does seem to understand a dog's love for a man, and to write pleasantly and brightly about it. Though he philosophizes, it is observant and not sentimentally that the reader will find in Mr. Masterlink's article. To quote his closing words:

"When I saw him thus, young, ardent and believing, bringing me, in some way, from the depths of unwearied nature quite fresh news of life, and trusting and wonderful, as though he had been the

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POEM BY JOHN HAY
"Tom Taggart of Pike County"

Out To-Day
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ADAM SCHLEY'S
OWN STORY

MESSRS. D. APPLETON & COMPANY beg to announce that on account of the large number of advance orders the publication of Admiral Winfield Scott Schley's autobiography entitled "FORTY-FIVE YEARS UNDER THE FLAG" has been postponed until SEPTEMBER TWENTY-THIRD. In this work of 400 pages Admiral Schley tells the story of his naval career and gives in the utmost detail his own personal account of the Santiago naval battle. It is the last word in the Schley controversy.

Price, \$3.00 net; postage additional

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